

the imperturbable cub, who looked up into they think about. So, while we wished it his face and said, as he blew a puff of ciga- had been somebody else who had landed the rette smoke at him:

"How did you think I got the pictures if I didn't? Want the story for tomorrow morning, or do you prefer standing around he noticed us, that's all I can say. and keeping a live reporter from writing it?"

The staff had almost to hold Jameson up as he fell back, completely knocked out by him to rush it to the photograph room and have the films developed. Then he turned to some of the fellows who were standing "I do believe he's got it," he said. "Here,

where's Mr. Bangs?

Bangs was night managing editor. He

Now, to be spoken to by the managing editor is an honor most cubs never attain. Did it faze William W? Not him! He had somebody. never seen Bangs, being on only days. He

"Oh, I say, Mr. Jameson, can't you make these butters-in keep out of my way till I'm the prints. "Where's my pictures?" he de-

finished?'

Bangs too fell back. They watched William W., writing his ones you took?" he asked. story. He did it rapidly, and, it must be confessed, not badly. As the first page said. "Ain't they corkers? Took 'em while came from his machine, Jameson grabbed he talked to me. Why, what's the matter it and looked it over. Then he turned to the with 'em?' rest of the bunch:

take off our hats to him! He's made good!"

And then the good heartedness of newssaw it. Bass, who had been across the street at dinner, heard the news and came back. He was the first, as William W. finished his ory, to walk over to him and say:

Cummings. They're his estimable friend,

"Billings, old man, you're one of us, all Dr. A. Bird Twombley!" story, to walk over to him and say:

right. You succeeded where I fell down, and

I want to congratu'ate you.'

the most supercilious way you could imagine. him. Its sarcasm reached him. He got "Oh," said he, "you're Bass, ain't you? Yes, "onto" himself, as the saying is, then and I made good. Wasn't much, though, when there. He blushed. First time I ever saw a fellow used a little commonsense.

stood around and looked at the cub.

and it was a wonder!

appreciation. It's what a man does that night.

biggest thing of the year, we walked over to William W., one after the other, and told him we were proud of him. And he-well,

HIS story was finished, edited, and on the way up stairs, slated for the first page this burst of effrontery. He merely gasped lead, in display type, with an introduction as he handed the camera to a boy and told written by Bangs himself. Then Bangs him to rush it to the photograph room and thought of the pictures and called Harry Spear, head of the art department.

"Got a print of those Cumming pictures about, quite as overwhelmed as their chief. from the photographers yet?" he asked, and Harry sent for Henry the photographer.

The latter came into the room. He had some still wet prints in his hand. had already heard the news, and was in the William W. smiled a little more superciliroom. When he approached William W., ously than ever as Henry walked over to the latter was writing swiftly on his ma- Bangs with them, followed by the rest of us. chine, and barely looked up as Bangs said: Bangs grabbed them, and we all clustered "Mr. Billings, is it quite so that you have about to see them. William W.'s story had described them, and we knew they would be wonders, as wonderful as his story.

"If they've only come out well!" said

"H'm!" sneered William W. "I know how just looked by the mighty one and called to to use a camera as well as landing Cyrus K. Cummingses! Let's see 'em!" He crowded to the table where Bangs stood examining manded.

Bangs turned to him. "Are these the

William W. looked at them. "Sure," he

st of the bunch:
"Nothing," said Bangs, with a smile. "Oh,
"Fellows," said he, "he's the limit in the nothing!" He turned to Jameson. "Phone way of cads, and all that; but we've got to to the composing room not to set that story yet." Then he looked at William W. again. "Nothing's wrong with the pictures," he paper men showed itself as plainly as I ever said. "I congratulate you, my boy, again!" "Then-what-

"Only," said Bangs very smoothly, "they don't happen to be pictures of Cyrus K.

"And I-" That was as far as William W. got. He couldn't have got any further, William W. looked up at good old Bass in against the roar that went up. It touched William W. turn a hair. And then-well, And then even Bass fell back. But we all then he started to speak; but what was the use? There was nothing to say. Maybe he "By golly!" was the comment, with varied recalled all the cockishness of his short career words. "He's queer, and that's no lie; but on the paper. Maybe he realized that he he's clever." For we had all read the story, couldn't ever live it down. He did the next You would have thought, after the rebuffs tan coat. He put on his coat—that nice, tan coat. He put on his nice, foolish, little we had all had from the insufferable little green felt hat, took his cane in his hand, lit shrimp, that we would have let him alone. a fresh cigarette, and, taking up a magazine Not newspaper men! They are all heart, all from somebody's desk, vanished into the

GOING HOARSE ON HICKS

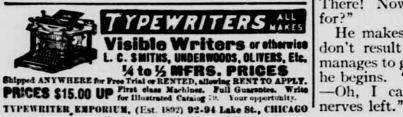
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noticed that he wa'n't makin' his usual trains for the last few days. Then here late one afternoon, when I was fixin' up some accounts at the studio, in drifts this trembly,

lot of rich brokers I wouldn't pick out for

Hicks is gettin' more pie faced every day."

up to where I was sittin' at the desk. First off I thought it must be some stray

clothes, I saw who it was.

"Why, it's Hicks!" says I.
"Yes," says he, hoarse
"Hicks!" says he, hoarse and husky,

"Little the worse for wear, ain't you?" says I.

"I-I'm all in!" says he. periodical, or have you been celebratin' me, will you, McCabe?" somebody's birthday?" "Not me," says I. "B

in deep mournin,' "d-d-don't ask me!"

"All right, I won't," says I. "But take a chair, Man! Your knees look wabbly. I'm ruined!" There! Now what was it you came up here

manages to get it out. "That dog business," headache. So cut it out! Now how long he begins. "I—I wanted to say that—that have you been on this souse picnic of yours?" -Oh, I can't, McCabe! See? I've no

"You ain't quite in trim for a debate," assistant office boys on their looks. And says I. "But why dig it up now?"

"I don't know," says he. "There are enough worse matters, God knows, that I WHICH don't mean I suspicioned any- must leave as they are; but this one has thing of what was up. Fact is, I'd been on my mind all day, and-and-Well, hardly give him a thought, and hadn't even he was vicious, you know-bit a grocer's boy only last week. He'd attacked persons before, too, and-and-

"Well, what of it?" says I. "You don't suppose I've been goin' around grindin' my mud splashed specimen with the dented teeth about that all this time, do you? Bah derby pulled down over his eyes, and shuffles If you must thresh it out again, wait until you're in shape.'

"But I can't wait," says he. "This-this panhandler; but after I'd allowed for the is my last chance. There are others who heavy bags under the eyes, and the stubbly will have cause to think worse of me, I know; crop of beard, and the sad state of his but somehow it seemed to me I had to say this to you before—well, before I finished for good.'

"Rot!" says I. "You're not goin' to finish now. Go home and buck up. You'll be all right in the mornin'.

"No," says he, "I-I can't go home-ever! All I can do is finish a bad job. Don't try "What was the occasion," says I. "Is it a to stop me. You don't know. Don't stop

"Not me," says I. "But let's talk it over, "McCabe," says he, holdin' out a shaky, calm and quiet, with the high tragedy hints cigarette stained hand with the fingernails left out. What ails you, anyway? Been on a bat, ain't you?'

"It's worse than that," says Hicks. "I-

"Gwan!" says I. "A man in your state ain't any fit judge of whether he's ruined or He makes two or three false starts that not. I've heard plenty of this day-after redon't result in any sound; but fin'lly he morse; but gen'rally it passes off with the headache. So cut it out! Now how long

"I-I began Tuesday," says he. "Huh!" says I. "Four days of it, eh? And



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